

Good Morning 771

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



"DO NOT TOUCH"— for A.B. Tony Mortimer

Kaimhill, Aberdeen, calling A.B. Tony Mortimer.

Your folks at 2, Kaimhill Circle, little red-roofed suburb overlooking the valley of the River Dee, are fine and dandy and hoping you are the same.

Your mother is as cheerful and as energetic as ever, and every time Dad passes the railway station, where you used to work, he thinks of the Sundays—when you were off, and went down to the "Joint" just to see that things were going on all right in your absence.

We found your mother busy in her garden, a lovely little strip with flowers in full bloom, and then there was a noise like a Spitfire landing. But it was only your kid brother, Gerald, arriving back from a run on his bike. Since Gerald got that bike he is home only at meal times.

Your sweetheart, Winnie, is a regular caller at your home on Sundays, her only day off, and she joined with the family in sending love and best wishes to you.

Your sister, Margaret, is enjoying life in the A.T.S., and, we were told, was looking absolutely fit and well on her last leave.

Oh, your Ma said to be sure to mention that there is a specially good crop of raspberries—your favourite fruit—this summer. She has saved up a few extra pounds of sugar to make jam, in the hope that you will be home to sample it. At least three pots are being labelled "Tony. Please do not touch."

Poor Nap tries

THERE are moments in life when high position is a heavy burden. That is borne in on me at this moment. . . . If only you would! None but you can overcome the obstacles which separate us. My friend Duroc will do what he can to make it easy for you. Oh, come, come! All your wishes shall be fulfilled! Your country will even be dearer to me, if you have compassion on my heart.

Napoleon to Countess Walewska.

Putty on coffin hanged her son

Stuart Martin tells an English story of matricide

I HAVE heard it said that insurance money has been responsible for more crimes than any other form of commercial activity. I am not prepared to agree, but I do know that insurance investigators were mainly responsible for bringing home to the culprit a murder that was the first of its kind in England.

Never before had the British legal system come across a case in which a man insured his own mother and then deliberately killed her for the insurance money. His name was Fox.

THOUSANDS of claims are made every year on insurance companies, and hundreds at least are spurious. It has been estimated that the false claims amount to millions sterling. But insurance companies have their own methods of protecting themselves. If it was not for the labour of the Insurance Secret Service many a criminal would have gone free.

Young Sidney Fox was clever, there is no doubt about that. He went down to Margate in 1929 with his mother, who was an invalid, he explained. He booked two rooms with a communicating door between so that if his mother should be taken ill at night, he would be within call. The numbers of these rooms were 66 and 67.

Add the two numbers of each room together and you get 12 and 13. Add the four figures together and you get 133. And that, a superstitious woman interested in numerology told a detective at Margate, proved that death was to occur in the suite. Some people know things!

Death did occur in one of the rooms, and the person who died was Fox's mother.

It occurred like this. At about 11.30 at night an alarm of fire was raised in the hotel. It was Fox who raised the alarm. He came dashing down the stairs shouting the dread word. "Fire!"

Clouds of smoke were coming from room No. 66. It looked as if nobody could enter that room; but one guest did. He found a wet towel round his face, went down on his hands and knees and crawled into the smoke-filled room.

He groped about, unable to see anything at first; and as he groped blindly his hands touched a bed, then on the bed a pair of legs. He gripped the legs and lifted the body belonging to them, and carried the unconscious form of Mrs. Fox from the room.

She was laid on the corridor floor and artificial respiration tried. A doctor was sent for, but all he could do was to say that Mrs. Fox was dead.

Her son was overcome with grief. In bits he told his story. He had gone to bed, he said, leaving his mother dozing in her chair by the fire. A glass of port wine was on a table beside her. Some garments were airing before the fire, and he thought these must have caught fire.

Anyway, the fire was now extinguished and the guests went to their rooms; that is, those who did not sit up talking about the occurrence, for the experience had unnerved them.

The next morning young Fox went to a solicitor and began to settle his mother's affairs. He also informed the insurance company and made his claim. As he was short of money he asked the local solicitor to advance him some on the security of the policy.

An inquest was held on his mother, and the jury brought in a verdict of "death by misadventure due to suffocation by smoke."

In order to get matters settled without delay he approached the insurance company about his claim. His mother was insured for £3,000.

But a curious fact was revealed when the insurance people looked into the case. His mother had died, according to the medical evidence, about half an hour before midnight.

Had she died after midnight another premium on the policy would have been required to keep the policy in force.

The insurance company sent an investigator down from London to go into details. Now, this investigator was an ex-detective. Insurance companies often employ ex-detectives to make inquiries into cases;

and this one, after he had been to Margate and heard all the circumstances wired back to his firm: "Extremely muddy water in this business."

Among the statement the investigator had was one from Fox to the effect that he left his mother dozing in her chair by the fire.

But the man who brought Mrs. Fox's body out to the corridor declared emphatically that he found her lying on her bed. Surely she had not been able to go to bed with a fire in the room.

The room was examined and it was found beyond doubt that the fire had originated under the chair on which Mrs. Fox was said by her son to have been dozing.

Then the investigator found that Fox was in financial difficulties, and had, just before the occurrence gone to London.

He had got the money to go to London by passing a worthless cheque on a local chemist. The chemist had advanced him money on the cheque, and Fox had, with that money, paid a premium on his mother's policy which was overdue.

This bad cheque looked somewhat suspicious, indeed so suspicious that the insurance people turned the situation over to the police. The Yard lost no time in producing some interesting facts about young Fox.

He was an old Borstal boy, and there was a fairly big dossier about him. He had been "in trouble" with the police almost from his youth.

At one time he had worked in an insurance office, and had been friendly with a woman whose life he had insured for £300. He even persuaded her to make her will in his favour, but she felt uneasy about things and thought he was not too honest, so she parted from him.

It was believed that he had some petrol in his possession when he came to the hotel at Margate, but if the Yard had suspicions it did not have any evidence on which to charge him with crime. Suspicions, however, grew stronger as he talked.

He had practically no money when he and his mother arrived at the hotel, so here was a chance to hold him while deeper investigations were made.

The police charged Fox with "obtaining food and lodging by false pretences."

When appearances tend towards a conclusion there is only one thing for the Yard to do, and that is to submit situations to scientific examination. The Yard has plenty of scientific men to whom to apply in such cases.

It was, for instance, Professor Pepper, with other medical men, who made the first step towards the arrest of Crippen. He made microscopic tests of parts of the skin of Crippen's wife, which was buried in quicklime in Crippen's house, and proved that the body there was Crippen's wife.

In the case of poisons there are experts in toxicology available. In another case an expert took a handful of dust and separated from it the dust caused by crushing a butterfly's wing. I mention this to show the extreme accuracy that is demanded from these experts in crime cases.

All Scotland Yard does is submit the clues. The experts come to a conclusion, and the Yard either frames its case on that basis or abandons the prosecution.

Believing that murder had been committed the Yard made application to the Home Office, and the Home Office put Sir Bernard Spilsbury at the

Yard's disposal. To find whether Mrs. Fox had been murdered it was necessary to examine her body. She had been buried; but exhumation was ordered.

Just here comes a strange fact in this strange case. The undertaker who had seen to the funeral arrangements had sealed the coffin with putty around the lid. But for that fact the origin of death might never have been discovered. It is not a usual thing to do with coffins.

The putty had acted as a perfect seal and the body was in a perfect state of preservation when Spilsbury opened it. He had no idea what to look for. There was nothing told him about what was suspected. His job was to find the cause of death.

He found there was no mark of violence. All the organs were healthy. He examined the lungs and the bronchial tubes. There was no sign of soot as would have been the



"Winnie! Where the devil's my shaving brush?"

case in death due to smoke suffocation. There was nothing to account for death.

But wait. Spilsbury examined the throat very closely. He found a bruise, about the size of half-a-crown. On the tongue was another bruise.

Had that coffin not been sealed with putty the bruises would have disappeared.

Spilsbury made laboratory tests. He came to the conclusion that Mrs. Fox had been strangled, and that her cries had been stifled, probably by a pillow being stuffed over her face.

Fox was charged with murdering his mother. The motive was said to be the insurance money.

He fought the charge. Legal arguments took place before the Court. Sir Bernard Spilsbury was confident of his findings. "It is simply a case of manual strangulation," he said. "It is nothing else. The body of Mrs. Fox told me so."

Fox went to his death on the scaffold in April, 1930.

But for the insurance investigator the murder would never have been even alleged, for the coroner's jury's verdict would have been accepted.

B.B.B.C. got rid of the scandals

BOXING in Britain is ruled as far as amateurs are concerned by the A.B.A., and for the professionals by the British Boxing Board of Control.

As a sport, boxing really dates from 1866, when, through the efforts of John G. Chambers and the 8th Marquess of Queensberry, rules were drawn up which eliminated many undesirable features of pugilism and which remain the foundation of boxing to-day.

The control of professional boxing was uncertain. The National Sporting Club exercised a strong and excellent influence, but lacked power to deal with some of the stains on the sport and profession, especially in the unscrupulous exploitation of boxers by promoters.

The British Boxing Board of Control was formed in 1929 and now has definite authority. It exercises this through the issue of licences to boxers and promoters, the examination and approval of referees and so on.

A licence normally runs for twelve months and it may be withdrawn for a time for misconduct or incompetence and in addition a fine imposed.

The licence costs 15 guineas for a promoter and 5s. for a boxer, and no one licensed may

take part in any contest where unlicensed boxers, referees, etc., are appearing. The referees are divided into three classes and only the top class can deal with championships.

Fees are fixed and vary with the purse. A £100 purse would give the referee three guineas for the contest.

The Board consists of a president and two vice-presidents elected for life—Lord Lonsdale was the first president and was succeeded by Col. R. E. Myddelton. With some 25 stewards they form the General Joint Committee.

Four stewards retire annually and may be re-elected or nominate a successor who must be elected by the remaining stewards. If the nominee is not approved, someone else may be elected.

The B.B.B.C. is divided into seven regions, each controlled by a council made up of representatives of all classes interested in boxing—except the spectators! Decisions are taken at an annual general meeting, attended by the General Joint Committee and the regional councils.

The Board has done excellent work in "cleaning up" professional boxing, and some of its

rules indicate the scandals that existed before.

They include: Boxers must be over 16 and must wear regulation dress. They must be medically examined before a contest (this got rid of the exploitation of punch-drunk boxers).

If under 18, a boxer may not box more than 30 minutes or more than one contest in one day. If a fight is more than 20 minutes a boxer may not box twice in four days.

The Amateur Boxing Association is chiefly concerned in preserving true amateur status. Money prizes are forbidden, or any staked bet or any fight against a professional except with the A.B.A.'s special sanction.

The rules have been standardised and differ from those of the professional ring, notably regarding the length of rounds and contests and the use of judges as well as a referee.

These rules in turn differ slightly from those of the American body. The American rules permit a slightly smaller ring, the weights vary by a few pounds and two seconds instead of one are permitted each boxer.

R. L. Stephens

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE SAILOR WHO FOUND HAPPINESS

MURCHIE lay all that afternoon in a sort of sleep, and we let him lie.

The skipper said that he would sleep off his attack, and sent a man to watch by his bunk, and when I went on deck for the second night-watch, there was Murchie mustered with the others.

I asked him if he was well enough to go on duty, for the four hours after midnight are generally trying; but he insisted that he was, and I let it go at that.

It was a strange kind of night. The barometer had been doing funny things, now up, now down, and we were under short sail.

I was standing in the waist, looking aloft and aloft, when Murchie came up to me.

"Are you against me, too?" he said, not impertinently but almost sadly.

"They all think I am mad," he went on, without waiting for an answer; "but I want to prove to you I'm not. Maybe what you were told was some yarn all tangled up, and not like the truth."

I listened to what he had to say, and I tell you it was wonderful stuff.

It was all about his island, his Isle of Paradise. He told me of the beauty of the place. He made me feel the colour of the beach, and made me see the snow-white sand and the rocks and foam.

I swam with him in the lagoon and fished with him for tortoises, tortoises as big as the famous ones of Galapagos.

And when he spoke of his young wife, his voice became tender and soft and wonderful.

"She's waiting for me," he said simply. "Those folk who have ever known the kind of love we had will understand. The others don't matter. That's why I haven't spoken about the isle to

everybody. I pretended to forget it so as to get a chance to escape from that asylum. It was hell in there, and my wife waiting for me!"

He shuddered.

"They tried to tell me there was no island because the charts don't show one, but I know better. Didn't I live on this one? And if that volcano was to start erupting, I'd—I'd kill somebody. I went into the crater once, and it was still hot. The rocks were burning. Look here, why shouldn't my island be one that was thrown up like that?"

"There have been cases," I admitted, and he grabbed at the admission eagerly.

"Doesn't that prove my Paradise to be possible? It is far out of the track of shipping. Do you think I invented all this? I was in the *Talato's* boat when Quirk found me, wasn't I? Oh, if you men would only believe that this South Pacific has more wonders than you can see from the bridge of a ship! Listen to me, and I'll prove that my island is possible."

He leaned his arms on the bulwarks.

"Wasn't it Captain Dougherty who discovered an island halfway between Cape Horn and New Zealand, about fifty years ago? It was eight miles long. Since you know the Caribbean; you are bound to remember the island that suddenly rose above the sea off Trinidad. It was newborn land, and the authorities went out in a steamboat and took possession of it."

"Off the Alaskan coast another island appeared not long ago, and was taken possession of by a U.S.A. gunboat. What about that uncharted reef on which the old *Talato* ran? You would have

denied it was there before the ship went down, wouldn't you?"

"Then there was Bermeja, in the Gulf of Mexico. It lay for centuries before it was discovered and charted, and then a passing cruiser found it accidentally—"

He broke off with a loud cry and stretched his arm out to the southward.

Conclusion of Lost Isle of Paradise

"You see that?" he roared. "You see that? There is my island! That's the signal!"

"What signal?" I cried, peering into the soft grey of the night.

"Don't you see? That's a light over there, isn't it? My girl said she'd burn a beacon on the hilltop if ever I was carried out to sea. Look, man! Is that a beacon or a volcano?"

I looked, and after a minute or so I thought I saw a bright reflection. It seemed to be a faint glare of a fire, but it was weak enough to pass unnoticed.

"Well, we can't call there, Murchie," I said. "The skipper would be sore if I changed the course."

"Not calling? Don't say you are against me, too? Not calling when my island is in sight? And my wife over there!"

He looked about him wildly, ran his fingers through his hair, and raised a pair of shaking fists to heaven.

I kept my eye on the ruddy

glow on the horizon, and saw it getting brighter and brighter.

Then I felt a strange kind of powdery smell in the atmosphere. I put out my hand to feel if it was small rain, something like a Scottish mist; and I saw that it wasn't rain, but dust. Gee, my heart leaped! Dust, volcanic dust, out there on the ocean nearly a thousand miles from land.

I forgot all about what Murchie had been saying to me in an instant, and ran aft for all I was worth, shouting for the starboard watch to be roused.

"All hands on deck! Tumble up, there! Shake a leg!"

The sky had suddenly darkened, and the dust was falling by this time pretty thickly.

It covered the deck and lay on the yards and shrouds, and it was like a thick layer of fog on the binnacle-class, and had to be dusted off.

I had all the crew up by the time the skipper appeared. He had been roused by the call, and when he came up he raised his nose and sniffed; but the crew were already aloft making things snug.

The glare on the horizon was brighter than ever, and from the south there came an ominous rumble across the sea rim.

The skipper and I were standing beside the steersman, looking at the red light, when the rumble broke into a roar and the sea fell perfectly flat, then rose suddenly.

The ship seemed to be lifted by some submarine force, and away we went rolling scuppers deep, with the gear clanging and yards dipping as she swung to starboard and port.

It was pandemonium for some hours after that. Every man of the crew was hard at it until long after dawn, and what a dawn it was!

A yellowy, sulphurous haze

surrounded us like a fog, but we drove through it on the top of that tidal wave without a guess as to where we were being carried.

It was the bo'sun who broke the news to us when he came aft at eight bells to take his trick at the wheel where we had two men holding her down. The skipper and I were on deck.

"Murchie's gone, sir," he reported.

"Gone?"

"Yes, sir. He went when the wave struck us. I hadn't the chance to tell you until now."

He was swaying on his feet wearily, and we were not much better. Our eyelids were fringed with red rings.

The sulphur was affecting our sight, and the dust was still falling thick and black.

"He took one of the boats, sir. He'd been planning for it. He cut her adrift, and went off on the top of a wave to find his island. He was crazy as hell. Said his wife was in danger, and was calling to him. I tried to stop him, but he threatened to kill me."

Skipper Quirk looked at me, and I looked at him.

"All right," he said; just that and nothing more.

What else could he say?

We held on with the gale raging behind us. Thunder came and lightning; the seas ran mountains high—high even for the South Pacific.

We did not see the sun that day, nor the next, nor the next, and if the *Monteith* hadn't been a stout ship we'd never have seen it again.

Then the rain came—not ordinary rain, but in sheets.

Every drop stung where it hit. But the rain cleared the air, and we got a sight of the Galapagos.

We battled our way in for shelter. The bay was crowded with shipping that had run for safety.

We were three days there, repairing damage.

On the fourth day one of the ships of our line arrived, looking as if she had been hammered fore and aft. She had come from Valparaiso.

Her skipper came over to us and Quirk and I met him as he came up the ladder.

"Hullo, Quirk!" he said. "I thought you were among the sinkers. See you lost a boat in the big bust-up?"

"Yes," said Quirk quietly.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

5. What Englishman was once Pope of Rome?

6. What does a student of herpetology study?

Answers to Quiz in No. 770

1. In what card game is the term "Full House" used?
2. What country is often called "our oldest ally"?
3. Of what country is Montevideo the capital?
4. What are the controlling bodies in Britain for (a) flat racing, (b) steeplechasing?

1. Piquet.
2. London, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo.
3. Bolivia.
4. Ramsay MacDonald.
5. After Cecil Rhodes, its founder.
6. Kerry, Kildare, Kilkeny.

Warden of the Cinque Ports

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is at present holder of an office in which he has had 157 predecessors.

The Cinque Ports were given their special duties and privileges back in Norman times, and for centuries the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports was one of the most important in the country.

The Warden, who was always, also, the Constable of Dover Castle, although the two offices remained distinct, had maritime jurisdiction over the Cinque Ports—Dover, Sandwich, Hythe, Hastings, and Romney.

It was his duty to see that the King was furnished with vessels and men when required, and in return the ports enjoyed many privileges.

It was the Warden's privilege to live in Walmer Castle, a privilege he retains to this day. No one has lived in the Castle since it was left by Mr. Churchill's predecessor, Lord Willington.

It is a beautiful residence, with lovely gardens, which are always kept in first-class order, but a Lord Warden who takes up residence has to bring most of his own furniture.

Many famous men have lived at Walmer Castle. It was here that William Pitt and Lord Nelson planned the "D-Day" for the French 140 years ago that led to Trafalgar.

Here, also, lived the most famous of Mr. Churchill's ancestors, the Duke of Marlborough, who held the office.

Most of the privileges and duties of the Lord Warden have now fallen into disuse, and it is largely an office of honour. There was formerly an income of £3,000 a year attached. This has gone.

But the Warden retains his right to fly the standard of the Cinque Ports, which Mr. Churchill has done on several occasions.

The only important duty of the Warden to-day is to act as chairman of the Dover Harbour Board. He may also appoint J.P.s in the ports.

The Lord Warden formerly made claims to "prize" in the ports, but this has not now been raised for 150 years.

The office remains one of simple honour of the kind that Britain likes to give to its eminent men. It is not a sinecure, since no payment is given. But it is a constant reminder of the centuries through which Britain feared invasion. Mr. Churchill was appointed in 1941.

J. M. MICHAELSON.

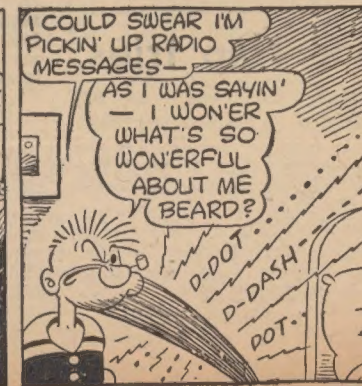
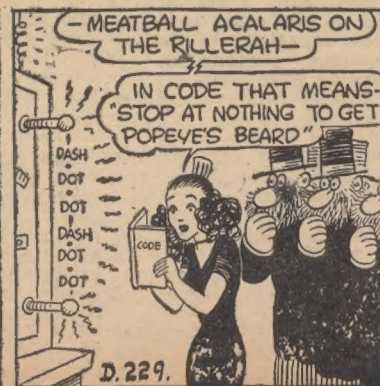
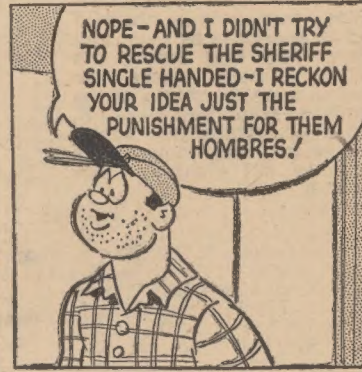
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 709

- 1. Behead the centre and get a mineral.
- 2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: lease-ermmyotatoie.
- 3. What kind of scale can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The Mackenzie family sat around their dining-table and celebrated — by eating a huge haggis.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 708

- 1. B-RUSH.
- 2. Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers.
- 3. WHITE.
- 4. Shorn, horns.

JANE

The Sailor who found happiness

(Continued from Page 2)

"That's funny. I nearly ran a boat down one night just after that submarine volcano spouted. I suppose they warned you at Callao that something of the kind was expected? But there's something funny about it. We ran into a lot of debris, trees and stuff that must have come from some island. Then we came on the boat."

"What boat?" asked Quirk dully. "Oh, the night after we hit the debris. There was a brute of a sea running, and an open boat crossed our bows. She looked like a ship's boat, just like one of yours. I hailed her, but got no reply, so I switched the search-light on to her. You couldn't guess what I saw?" "A man in her!" I cried. "Yes, a man, white, and a

native woman, pretty and smiling for all the sea that was swilling about them. They had rigged up one of those native sails, and add that everything seemed snug and tight. I megaphoned for him to shift his helm, and I'd try to take them aboard; but he shook his head and pointed ahead to let me know he knew where he was going.

"He was steering due west. Guess he was making for one of the islands of the Marquesas. Wonderful sailors, these folk." "What was he like?" asked Quirk suddenly.

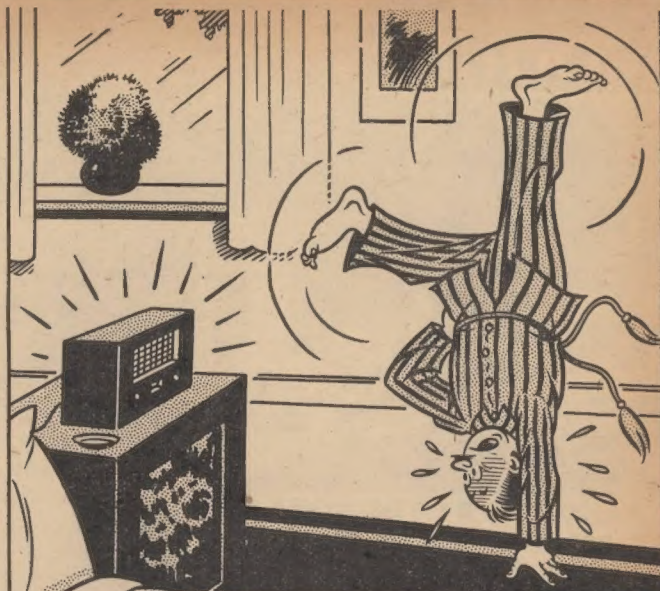
"Big man, strong, and a good seaman. Brown hair, I think. At first I thought he was like that madman you picked up on your last trip; but it couldn't be him, of course. I slung over some provisions tied to a lifebelt just for luck, and saw him fish it aboard.

"Then he waved his hand, and the girl waved hers, and they drifted into the night. You can see that yarn to your twenty years' collection of the South Pacific, old timer, eh?" "All right," said Quirk, gazing dreamily across the sea to the west. "All right."

Just that and nothing more—except "Murchie has found her, by God!"

What else could he say? THE END

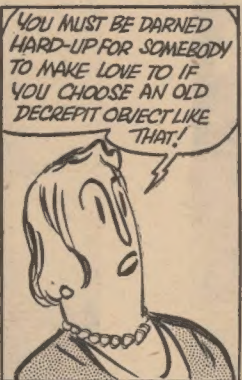
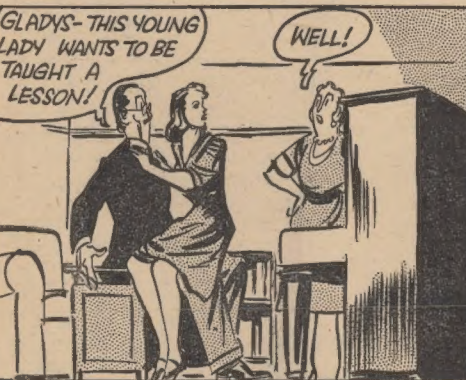
Philosophers have tried to solve the problem of "how to keep love alive after marriage"; there is a husband who says he has succeeded—he led "Laughs in the Courts" yesterday. "Our love never had a chance to grow stale—we separated in six weeks, so we never found each other out."



... and there I'm afraid we must leave you. We shall be back with you again to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock as usual.



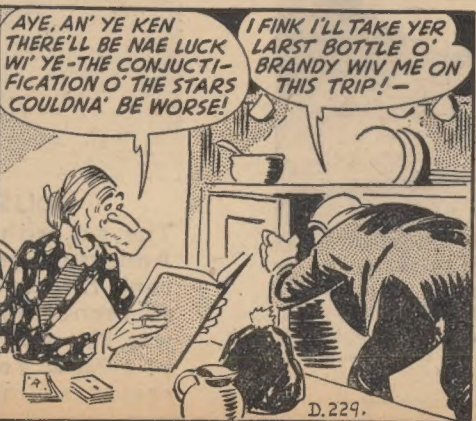
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People Are Queer

MEN of the British 26th Division were more than surprised when they came across a monk in a Buddhist monastery in Rangoon who spoke English, and with a London accent. It turned out that he was Major F. C. Fletcher, of Hampstead Heath, who after the last war disappeared from civilisation. For the past twenty-five years or so he had been a Buddhist and had attained peace and contemplation in this ancient religious house of the eastern faith.

THE Virginian (U.S.A.) police have been having another tussle with members of the religious sect that fools about with rattle-snakes.

Some 5,000 fanatics and onlookers gathered at a faith-healing meeting where demonstrations were to be given that rattle-snake bites could be cured by prayer.

The police beat up the gathering, killed four snakes and arrested Raymond Hayes, leader of the sect, and some of his disciples.

When the police charged, one of them waved a rattle-snake above his head and shouted, "Come and get me!" Another pulled a snake from beneath his shirt, and a third touched his lips with the snake's fangs as he was hustled into the police car.

They were rattled off to gaol.

D: N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

GRAVEL	MOB
PEEP	HORACE
IMPEL	PASTE
N. OXEN	THAT
CAR	DEMI
HUTS	G. OBOE
R. TAUT	ANT
LINO	SALT
ACORN	BATHE
CLOYED	VEAL
KEN	TOWARD

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10			11	
12				13	14		
15	16					21	
17	18	19	20				
22	23						
24	25			26	27	28	
29			30				
31	32		33			34	
35			36			37	
38					39		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Bird. 5 Inn employee. 9 Bird. 10 Adze. 11 Allow. 12 Garment. 13 Sponge. 15 Gauntlet. 17 Fat. 20 Corrects. 22 Top. 24 Acaola. 26 Colour. 29 Wish to. 31 Team. 33 Swiftly. 35 Colour. 36 Go back. 37 Colour. 38 Boy's name. 39 Weapon.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Notable deeds. 2 Young rascal. 3 Cherish. 4 Suspend. 5 Suit. 6 Earlier. 7 Sheep. 8 Ladder. 14 Ward off. 16 Part of coat. 18 Republic. 19 Teacher. 21 Put on. 23 British General. 24 Refuse. 25 Bow sound. 27 One of U.S.A. 28 Cloth. 30 Fish. 32 Soft lump. 34 Dog.

Good Morning



SAND PIES BY THE RIVER.
It's not necessary to go to the seaside to enjoy all the delights of the beach—if you live near the River Wey at Guildford. These kiddies—with their Mums—are playing on the river banks.



IDA GOES "GOOEY."
When ever Ida Lupino turns those great big eyes in our direction, we find that something has unaccountably happened to our knees. They feel weak. They wobble a bit. We mean to march straight up to her, chuck her masterfully under the chin, and say "Hey, chicken, let's eat." We never do. We just raise our hat, and say "Good afternoon, Miss Lupino."



QUEUE FOR COMICS.
Well, blow us down! We've seen queues for fish, for buses, for cakes, for liver, for coal, for potatoes, for ladies' "comfort stations"—but we had never seen a queue for comics before!



★ **HARVEST FESTIVAL IN THE "DUKE OF WELLINGTON."** ★
The landlord of this boozer in Toynbee Street, certainly knows his onions. Fruit and vegetables decorating the bar were all grown by the customers—and are sold in aid of the Merchant Navy Fund. Customers no longer complain of the lack of hops in their beer—they might find a turnip in it instead!



DUSTY GOES "GOOSEY."
The gal with the streamlined torso is Dusty Anderson—erstwhile fashion model, now top-rank film lovely. Dusty used to make a lot of money modelling swimsuits—because she was the only gal willing to pose in the depths of a New York winter. Now—whenever she sees a swimsuit—she goes goosey all over!